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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 3. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, OCT. 3, 1877. NO. 39.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—have services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding. W. P. Bennett, pastor.

M. E. Church South—Services third Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.

Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
C. W. Phillips, sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—G W Bunger, Hartford, S P Taylor, Beaver Dam, E H Cooper, Fordsville, S L Fulkerson, Rogg's Falls.

Court begins second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Hon J A Murray, judge, Cloverport.
Hon Joseph Haycraft, attorney, Owensboro.
E L Wise, jailer, Hartford.

Court begins on first Mondays in April and October and continues two weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderfur, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Mondays January and October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
J. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
R. P. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

	Mar	June	Sept	Dec
CANEY DISTRICT—NO. 1				
H. Baltzell	1	2	4	5
P H Alford	2	1	5	4
COOL SPRINGS DISTRICT—NO. 2.				
A N Brown	28	28	26	27
D J Wilcox	29	27	27	26
CENTERTOWN DISTRICT—NO. 3.				
A T Coffman	26	26	24	24
W P Render	27	25	25	22
BELL'S STORE DISTRICT—NO. 4.				
Ben Newton	16	15	18	17
S Woodward	17	16	17	18
FORDSVILLE DISTRICT—NO. 5.				
J L. Burton	8	8	10	10
C W R Cobb	9	7	11	11
ELLIS' DISTRICT—NO. 6.				
S S McElroy	12	12	12	13
James Miller	13	11	13	12
HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 7.				
A B Bennett	19	19	19	20
John P Cooper	20	18	20	19
CROMWELL DISTRICT—NO. 8.				
Melvin Taylor	31	29	29	28
Samuel Austin	30	30	28	29
HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 9.				
John M Leach	21	21	22	2
T L Allen	22	20	21	21
SULPHUR SPRINGS DISTRICT NO. 10.				
John A Bennett	6	6	6	7
R G Wedding	7	5	7	6
BARTLETT'S DISTRICT—NO. 11.				
J S Yates	14	14	14	15
W H Cummins	15	13	15	14

CONSTABLES.

A list of the Constables of Ohio County and their Post Office address:

CANEY DISTRICT—No. 1.
W W Ezell, Rosine.
COOL SPRINGS DISTRICT—No. 2.
Isaac Brown, Rockport.
CENTERTOWN DISTRICT—NO. 3.
J M Cashier, Ceralvo.
BELL'S STORE DISTRICT—NO. 4.
Eli Chinn, Buford.
FORDSVILLE DISTRICT—NO. 5.
Jo I Harder, Fordsville.
ELLIS' DISTRICT—NO. 6.
Vacant.
HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 7.
W L Maddox, Beaver Dam.
CROMWELL DISTRICT—NO. 8.
R S Hodges' Cromwell.
HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 9.
A. C. Ellis, Hartford.
SULPHUR SPRINGS DISTRICT—NO. 10.
F. J. Kerby.
BARTLETT'S DISTRICT—NO. 11.
Vacant.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.—Charles Griffin, Marshal.

Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.—Thomas Stevens, Marshal.

Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October—Jas. W. Daniel Marshal.,

Ceralvo.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.—Daniel Tichenor, Marshal.

Hamilton—J. W. Lankford, Judge, post-office address McHenry, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October. A. J. Carman, Marshal, post-office address McHenry.

Rockport—J. W. Duke, Judge, Mansfield Williams, Marshal. Courts held first Wednesday in January, April, July and October.

LODGE MEETINGS.

A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets third Monday night in each month. .H. MOORE. W. M.
Secty.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P
Comp. H. WEINSHEIMER, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE No. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.

L. BARRETT, N. G. WM. PHIPPS, Sec.
B. P. BERRYMAN, D. D. G. M.

I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.

D. E. THOMAS, W. C. T.
H. B. KINSOLVING, W. Sec.
G. B. WILLIAMS, L. D.

IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

There is a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this:
That a man is half in heaven
When he has a woman's kiss.
But there is danger in delaying,
And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss.
There's a royal way of kissing,
And the jolly ones that make it
Have a motto that is winning:
If you want a kiss, why take it.

Any fool may face a cannon—
Anybody wear a crown—
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have a golden apple,
You must find a tree and shake it
If a thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why take it.

Who would burn upon a desert,
With a forest running by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh! I tell you there is magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss and—take it.

FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF OHIO COUNTY.

BY H. D. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER XXV.

Old Mrs. Taylor believing in that text of Scripture which says "Man shall not live on bread alone," did not confine her benevolence to distributing the loaf to the hungry mill boys, but was ever ready to relieve the sick and suffering, no matter what their condition in life. Poor, dying mothers, leaving helpless children, would often bequeath them to her care; and in this way her house became almost an orphan asylum, during the ravages of the Revolutionary war. It is said that at times she had as many as thirty odd children all dependent upon her for food and raiment. She, too, was the principal surgeon and physician of the then backwoods settlement. With her lancet always in her pocket, she was ever ready to replace dislocated joints, set broken bones, and lance or bleed as required, with the nerve of a hospital surgeon, although the wail of a feeble infant, or any tale of sorrow or suffering, would always bring tears to her eyes.

She had been raised and always held to the old church of England, or Episcopal faith, (several of her old prayer books are still extant,) but she was always liberal and kind to other denominations, and their preachers made her house their resting place. She did not, however, approve of the ranting, furious, wild-fire (as she called it) of some of the Methodist preachers. There was one especially—we think his name was Hubbs—that was frequently the victim of her humor and sarcasm. In those early days, with such a numerous family, no time could be lost or idled away. The family room was like a large work shop, wherein winter nights everything was done that could be done indoors. Shoes were made or mended, brooms and baskets manufactured, or corn shelled, or hominy beat. It so happened that one night on which brother Hubbs' round on the circuit had brought him in as a guest, there proved to be a heavy demand for shelled corn, to fill a contract for meal to be ground and delivered the next day, and all hands were engaged in shelling and sacking corn until bed time. These sacks were set in rows around the wall, and brother Hubbs, who was a most impetuous, raving enthusiast, and who had acquired a habit of beating and mauling with his fists at almost every word he uttered, knelt down to pray by one of these sacks of corn, and soon became furious in his zeal, and prayed, and pounded the sack of corn until the whole family became weary. As soon as the family had arisen to their feet, the old lady went to the same sack, stooped down and commenced feeling it carefully. "Well, Hubbs," she said, "I am just feeling if you beat us a mess of hominy. If you have, I'll make Lotty (the negro woman) boil it for our breakfast!" This sarcasm is said to have almost cured Hubbs of his ranting manner.

By the most untiring care and industry these two people raised a family of eight sons and four daughters, and acquired some property. Their son, Harrison, visited Kentucky; the first time whilst a mere stripling, and became the agent for various land speculations, and spent much of his time in the woods with surveying parties. It is related of him that he never knew fear; that he made several trips through the wilderness solitary and alone, and on several occasions remained at the surveyor's camp, when most of his party had retreated to the settlement for fear of Indians. Through his influence his father and mother, and his brothers and brothers-in-law were induced to remove to Kentucky. The old man sold his farm and mill, and took a large portion of the pay in such merchandise as would be useful in a new country. He landed in Ohio county in about 1798, and bought a farm near Hartford, where the bountiful supply of store goods created almost as great an excitement as the lockets worn by Shultz's girls at the Pigeon Roost Fork of Muddy, as related by Ralph Ringwood.

The following story illustrates how they were appreciated by the young hunters and belles of the day: At a social party at the house of the old folks one night, a pert, conceited young hunter was seated nearest the table, on which the candle was burning; near by it lay a pair of bright polished snuffers. The young gentleman was requested to snuff the candle, and immediately took it in his hand, and licking his thumb and finger was about to pinch it off, when some one said, "Use the snuffers!" H sat down the candle, picked up the snuffers, opened them, looked in them, and then with an air of triumph, relicked his thumb and finger, pinched off the snuff, placed it in the snuffers, replaced them on the table with the remark, "Ain't they nice and handy?"

As long as health and strength would permit, their house was the common resort of the sick and afflicted, who needed advice, and the gay and witty who wished to measure lances with the backwoods, unpolished, off-hand wit, humor and sarcasm of the old lady, and even to this day stories of her sayings and doings are extant. Even the most sober and sage-like sought her society. The late eccentric James Axley, who preached her funeral, and was frequently in her company during her latter days, was heard to say that she had more actual eloquence and sound common sense than any woman he ever knew.

One of their children, a daughter, married a man by the name of Pue. She died, and an only grand-child—Peggy—accompanied the old folks to Kentucky. Richard, the oldest son, lived to be eighty-five years of age, and raised a large family. An attempt was made some years after to ascertain the names and locality of his descendants, for the purpose of procuring his bounty as a revolutionary soldier, but the effort was given up in despair. They were scattered everywhere through the west, even to Oregon. He has two daughters still living in this country bordering on ninety years, and enjoying good health.

Thomas, the next oldest, will be mentioned hereafter. Harrison, the third son, has been alluded to as one of the early pioneers. He was a plain, simple-hearted, honest and hospitable man. His house for years was the headquarters of land claimants, who came to the county to look after their land claims, and his thorough knowledge of the country, and the locality of the various surveys, rendering his services highly important, and in this way he often spent days and weeks, not only in entertaining visitors, but in showing them their lands, for all of which his ideas of old Virginia hospitality would not permit him to receive one cent. There was one remarkable trait in his character. Although celebrated from his boyhood for his unflinching courage and cool daring of danger, and among the first justices of the peace and sheriffs of the county, and acting as wagon-master during General Hopkins' campaign, an extensive trader and business man, he was never known to have a row, rencounter or personal difficulty with any one. His descendants, though not as numerous as Richard's, are also scattered through the west and south.

William, the fourth son, was a man of stout frame, iron will, and untiring industry. He was the first man in the county to learn and appreciate the value of bottom lands for meadows, and the profits of stock-raising. From his extensive meadows he not only fed a large amount of cattle and horses, but sold hay to the citizens of Hartford and Morgantown. He also built the first brick dwelling house ever built in Ohio county. This house, though much abused since his death, still stands in a tolerable state of repair, and was thought a splendid piece of architecture in its early day. After living to a good old age, the old man died of that loathsome disease, small-pox. His posterity was not very numerous nor migratory.

John and Septimus, the fifth and sixth sons, both died in middle life, leaving large families, the greater part of whom remained residents of the county, and grew up to be good disposed, industrious citizens.

Joseph and Simon removed at an early period to the far west, and little is known of them. There is a remote probability that General or Colonel Joe Taylor, who flourished in the Mormon war, was the son of Simon, as he had a son of that name, who was rake and scamp enough when he left Kentucky to have flourished under Brigham's care.

Hannah married Samuel Brown, Margaret married James Harsha, and Jane married Levi Pigman. The Harshas removed to Indiana, and Pigmans to Ohio. Harsha's eldest son, Thomas, had just joined the Methodist itineracy, and gave the most extraordinary promise of talent and usefulness as a preacher when he died, lamented by all who knew him.

Although the descendants of the old original pair have become contaminated by some very injudicious crosses, it is remarkable how many of them retain characteristic traces of their parent stem. Hospitality, honesty, integrity, industry, and inate diffidence and modesty, still is the family tinge. It is remarkable, also, that they have mostly all pursued the quiet path of private life, mostly ignoring politics and political distinctions, nor have they ever gained notoriety in the calendar of crime.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BIBLE TERMS.—Readers of the Bible will be interested in the following explanations of expressions frequently met with in the Holy Scriptures. They are believed to be entirely correct: A Sabbath day's journey was about one English mile. Ezekiel's reed was 11 feet nearly. A cubit is 22 inches nearly. A finger's breadth is equal to one inch. A shekel was about fifty cents. A shekel of gold was about $8 09. A talent of silver was $1,518,32. A talent of gold was $13,309. A piece of silver, or a penny, was 13 cents. A farthing was 3 cents. A gera was two cents. A mite was one and a half cents. A homer contained 76 gallons and 5 pints. An ephah, or bath contained seven gallons and four pints. A hin was one gallon and two pints. A firkin was seven pints. An omer was six pints. A cab was three pints. A log was one-half pint.

From Cincinnati to San Francisco.

[CONCLUDED.]

When Sunday came, the ladies, all of whom were members of the different churches, asked for preaching. So, when breakfast was over and the porter had his room (the palace car) in order, I got my bible (I being the one selected to preach) and took my seat facing the audience, and read the 17th chapter of St. John, and took Christ's solicitude for his church as my theme, and preached the longest sermon of my life. Church being over, we prepared for dinner. Two of the ladies (the two unmarried ones of course) a San Francisco gentleman and myself joined together for a "home" dinner in the car. We had prepared for it at Ogden, Utah. My contribution was a baked hen—the most natural thing for a Methodist preacher. I paid seventy-five cents for my hen, a good round price; but the day of small things, at least small prices, has not yet reached this country. When we had our several lunch boxes emptied, we had a good table spread, and I was called upon to offer prayer and thanks; which, being done, we ate over thirty-five miles of *sand* and *rail*.

Salt Lake was one of the sights to be remembered, as it is the headquarters of Mormondom. Brigham Young; the great polygamist priest, died a few days after we passed, leaving nineteen widows to mourn or rejoice—which? And as his administrator's report has not yet been made, we don't know how many orphans were made fatherless by the death of the Prophet. But, as Brigham was a fruitful tree, the list is a long one.

We are now in the Sierra, Nevada, Mountains, and such beautiful scenery as is spread out before us my eyes never saw before. The rugged mountain peaks covered with tall pines, and now a deep canon, and now a towering rock rising for hundreds of feet over our heads. I need not attempt a description.

We pass through the gold mining regions, and see the earth torn up for miles in search of the "root of all evil." When I was a boy, in the "bend" above Hartford, I used to dig for roots ("sang") on a small scale. But here, the "root of all evil", gold, lies deep under all the surface of the earth. The methods of hydraulic mining would be of interest to your readers; but, for want of space, I pass on to California, where we stop to eat breakfast, and feast upon mountain trout and California fruit. We now pass through Sacramento Valley, the region of wheat, where some farms have fifty thousand acres in wheat. There has been no rain here for six months, and the wheat gets ripe and stands for weeks without damage, and the reaper is also a thrasher, and is driven through the field and takes off the heads of the wheat and thrashes out the grain, which is rolled off to be picked up, already bagged and ready for shipping. Millions of surplus wheat is ordinarily raised in California, but this year the crop is short. But as I was at the Pacific Coast Exposition or Mechanics Fair, at San Francisco, where the products of this wonderful State were collected. I will leave the railroad and pass on to the city. We came to the bay and run out two miles on a trestle bridge, and were told to dismount and ship across the bay. I had some regrets at leaving the old car in which we had traveled so long and so far, but this is a world of change, and we move on with the crowd through a gate two, miles from the shore, into a large transfer boat to take us across the bay. Friends by the dozens had come out on the way to meet loved ones; and I observed to a lady who came to meet her husband, my traveling friend, that I had no one to kiss me a welcome; but she would not take the hint, but said, "wait until you return to Cincinnati or the 'girl you left behind you,'" and then will be your time. I went to the Buss House, a hotel that covers one solid block, and registered and took a bath, a shave and a warm supper, and then felt like a new man. For shaving and shampooing I handed the barber fifty cents, and he said "two bits more please." I told him he was the cheekiest man I had met in the way of charges, but I felt that he had done me a dollar's worth of good,

When morning came, I saw that my ship, The City of Pekin, which was to have left on the 1st inst., was not in yet, and would not leave until the 8th. So I set to work to "do" the city. The first day, I rambled about the streets and wrote letters to friends. The second day, I went to the Cliff House, a hotel five miles above the city on the beach, on a steep bluff, the foot of which is lashed by the waves of the sea. Here, for the first time, I beheld the Pacific ocean, and I need not attempt a description, nor to define my feelings on beholding the magnificence of the view before me. By the aid of a nautical glass. I brought in a ship at sea, which seemed a mere atom floating in the sky when viewed by the unaided eye. "Seal Rock," an island, a short distance from the shore, is an interesting feature, as it is covered with sea-birds—pelicans, gulls and ducks, and with huge sea lions or barking seals. These animals, so uncomely and awkward on the land, are, when in water, remarkably active and playful. The air would fairly tremble with their howling, half between the heavy bark of the bull dog and the roar of the lion.

The next day I went to Woodward's garden, not exactly a beer garden but a natural history garden. He has a museum of birds, the finest I have ever seen. Thousands of specimens including all the known varieties of the world, and one is surprised at the vast number, and the vast beauty of the feathered tribe. There is also a zoological department, filled with the usual list of monkeys, carnivara, herbivara, &c., His collection of deer, goats, buffalo, and in fact all animals with split hoofs are very superior. Then there is an aquarium representing both salt and fresh water fish in numbers The hot-house, filled with tropical plants was very interesting, and the lake filled with water fowls, and art gallery and museum with scientific and historical specimens.

I will mention a few freaks of nature in this museum for the benefit of your readers who are interested in natural history. I saw a lamb without a mouth, and a pup of the Terrier breed with only one eye, and that in the middle of the face, four-legged chicken, a two-legged cat, a lamb with two distinct bodies and legs, joined at the neck, and with only one head; an animal I could not determine its species, with eyes and ears on its throat, a double calf or two, grown together on the sides much as the Siamese twins, and a calf with two perfect heads, a pig from Central America, with the head and mouth complete of a monkey, and two pigs grown together back to back, and a pig with two heads, and a dog with five legs, and a sheep with six legs. There were many other things equally as curious, among which was a full grown dog—deformed—which sat in the attitude o a toad. One would not believe that such strange freaks occur until we see them and are compelled to believe it. All their grounds are open the year round for twenty-five cents admission, and yet the people here go to a circus to see the *animals*.

I next went to the Exposition. The many things of art and mechanism, are so much like other shows of the kind, that I will not describe them, but notice only the agriculture. You have all heard of California fruit. Well, I have both seen and eaten of the same, and will give you an idea of its size and quality. To begin with, a squash. A specimen examined weighs forty pounds. Six onions examined measured twenty-one inches around, and weighed, the six, fifteen pounds. A dish of pears weigh four and three-quarter pounds each. A quince I weighed drew one pound and six ounces. A bunch of grapes weighed five pounds, and each grape was as large as the Chickasaw plum. A plate of six peaches weighed three pounds. One Irish potato weighed four pounds and one sweet potato sixteen pounds.

The wheat, oats and barley was the finest I ever saw.

There were blocks of over two hundred and fifty variety of wood, among which was the paper tree, from which an excellent quality of paper is made.

Stalks of corn sixteen feet high, with as high as six ears to the stalk. Almond nuts on the bushes green, and silk cocoons and weaving in fact silk from the fly and egg to the cloth in the whole process is to be seen; and I was shown a fine specimen of cotton from the southern part of the State that never had rain from planting until gathered.

Another feature in the mineral department was a salt taken from the earth in cakes just as stone or coal is mined at home. A huge block of salt had been carved out to represent a lady in modern costume, and labeled "Mrs. Lot." A fine quality of block coal, iron, lead, gold, silver, tin and glass quartz, all taken from the State was on exhibition. It may be safely said that for variety and quality of products and climate, California beats the world.

Sabbath came again, and with it a delightful breeze and sunshine mixed in such proportions that it was pleasant to walk out with overcoat and gloves. All attempts to be a visitor were futile, and I was announced to preach morning and evening at the Central M. E. Church. I had at the morning about six hundred people to hear me and in the evening, nine hundred. The large church with galleries full length was comfortably filled with fine looking people. So that it was a pleasure to preach to such an audience. I never saw such fine looking people, the women will average thirty lbs., avoirdupois, greater than they will in the east.

On Monday I visited China Town, heard a Chinese preach an interesting sermon. I know it was interesting from the close attention his audience paid. Men would walk down the isle and take a seat with hat on, and pipe in mouth, and smoke and hear at the same time. I then visited some of the Chinese factories and shops. I was surprised to see the fine quality of work done by them, ladies' shoes and ruffles and rouches, and the most delicate fabrics are manufactured by them. I went into a Chinese Broker's and bought some money, I send you a piece, ten of which make a cent, and is worth to a Chinaman in trade as much as one cent, that is, one "cash" Chinese will buy as much in China as one cent will here, so they get for one cent what we get for one dime.

Our ship does not sail until the 12th inst. so we have over a week yet, (this is the 4th.) and I dont know how I will pass the time.

If you want it, I can take time to send you an occasional note of travel or history, as I pick it up.

We have a good number of passengers for the trip, there are about fourteen missionaries representing the American Board of Missions—the Presbyterians and the Methodists. Five of the party are young ladies. I am the only single man of the mission party, and I have placed myself under the treatment of a handsome lady doctor from New York city, so I hope to have a pleasant voyage.

W. G. BENTON.

Who the deuce can see any harm
In squeezing the hand of a pretty school marm.

How She Was Cured.

"Ida," said Mrs. Harland, one morning, "I wish you would give up that very unlady-like habit you have of using such slang expressions as 'You bet,' and 'Not by a jug full." They sound vulgar when used by young men but when a lady condescends to such expressions they are positively revolting.

"Why, mamma"—and pretty black eyed Ida looked up with a mischevious smile, "Its becoming quite the fashion. Everybody—I mean all the girls—use them now a days."

"Not everybody, Ida," replied Mrs. Harland; "not those who are refined and sensitive, among either young or old. I think I have often been in the company of well-bred people, and not a word of slang has been spoken.—Consider for a moment, my dear, how coarse and vulgar it would seem in your papa or myself, if our usual habit was to talk after that fashion.,'

"I don't know," laughed Ida; "it would be so comical, rather jolly, I fancy. Odd, too! I just wish you would. Then we'd be a fraternity of slang would'nt we? But there's the clock—always on the strike when I'm not half ready. Good morning, mamma. I must absquatulate;" and she laughed merrily again:

Mrs. Harland sighed to herself.—Ida was her only daughter, and it pained her to feel that she was under the influence of coarse companionship. "Alas for the school girls of the present day!" she murmured.—"What will the future bring?"

When Mr. Harland came home to dinner, his wife and he went into conference, and held a long and interesting conversation that seemed to result in satisfaction and some fun, for he laughed heartily, and declared he would see what he could do, for it was worth trying. Ida's brothers were let into the secret, and they declared it was a grand idea, and might cure her.

Ida coming straight from school, ran into the sitting room, as usual, for a kiss, when she was greeted by her mother with the exclamation—

"Hello, pard! You home again?"

Ida, for a brief second, looked her astonishment; then she answered, merrily:

"Yes, mamma, 'right side up with care,' as they say on the China-boxes,"

"Oh, cheese it! I don't chew any gum but once," replied her mother, restraining herself by a violent effort, though she could hardly keep a grave face at Ida's surprise.

"Nor I either," Ida responded, with a laugh, and went to the piano to practice a new song.

"I say, sis, shut that off!" tried her father, who had entered the room. "We'll excuse the squalling just now. Hash is ready, and let's waltz down to it."

"What waltz shall I play?" queried Ida, with another faint laugh.

"I say hasn't this been a jolly day?" exclaimed her brother Ned.

"Hunkadory!" Sam responded—the grave lawyer-like Sam, with whom no one dared take a liberty. Did Ida's ears serve her right, or was home really getting 'topsy-turvy?' in her own favorite language.

"Bet your sweet life" added Ned, cooly. "Say, sis, how are you at school—up a tree?"

"Yes, at the top," retorted Ida, no longer laughing, but just a little inclined to pout.

"Bet your sweet life you'll fall soon then," was the courteous answer.

"Well, it won't be your fall, will it?"—and Ida bit her lip.

"Papa," said Ida, after an almost silent dinner, for some way the slang seemed out of way there, "May I take lessons of Miss Parker, the new teacher? She's awful sweet, and the girls are all going wild over her."

"Are they? then I suppose she is what you call bully, eh? Do you think she really knows her biz? If she don't, you see, I'd rather you wouldn't have any truck with her. You see it isn't every mosy that sets herself up who makes the best sort of teacher, and that kind of thing is gauzy and getting played out."

"She isn't played out retorted Ida, with spirit. If you could hear her play you wouldn't think so."

"Undoubtedly you think so, my cherub," her father said with a grave face; "but most teachers dont pan out worth a cent. If this Miss Parker is some 'punkins' and can teach you nobby pieces, you have my consent to skip around the corner, and begin to take a term of lessons from the fair damsel. Boys, dry up, and stop your racket. You've got more cheek than a government mule. Don't give me any of your lip," he added as Charley attempted to answer, "sir you may get a moss agate over your orb of vision, and a——"

"Papa! papa!" exclaimed Ida; "O, pray, pray, stop—it is hideous! I know why you are doing it. I'd rather promise anything than hear you talk as you do.

"My dear," said her mother, we have only been showing you yourself as others see you.

"I know it," sobbed Ida; "and I'm cured. I never dreamed it sounded so horrible; and I ask everybody's pardon for offending their ears. But, papa"—and she half smiled, "I never talked as you did. Why, where did you learn so much slang?"

"I am sorry to say I hear it from day to day among my clerks," was the reply, "and I have been almost tempted to fine them. But when I heard my daughter—"

"O, papa, don't" cried Ida, putting up both her hands.

"Well, then, I won't" he responded, laughing. "I think you have had a good lesson, and we will all assume our company manners, which ought to be every-day manners. We will let the whole matter drop now, and not ever refer to it again."

EDUCATIONAL.

This department will be conducted by W. L. HAWKINS,

Thanks to Mr. W. C. Morton, grocer, for the present of a nice pencil. Buck is generous, liberal, and fair to deal with.

The Superintendent H. A. M. Henderson, has published the School Law with comments on it, section after section. Every teacher in the State should procure a copy.

A teacher that "knows enough", knows nothing.

Education is that training by which we become useful citizens.

P. J. This column would become stale, indeed, if the same articles were repeated. Take the paper, man, and keep posted.

To love one's neighbor is easy enough, if she is young, good looking, and agreeable—say about thirty thousand.

TEACHER.—While I am not opposed to strict discipline in schools, I would not send a child of mine to a teacher, who can't walk across the house without a switch in his hand.

TRUSTEE.—You should not find fault with a teacher for requiring a written excuse from home for coming late to school, —should rather thank him. Tardiness is one of the most fruitful sources of annoyances to the whole school.

The Commissioner should indorse the certificate of teachers attending the institute, that trustees may know that the law requiring their attendance, has been complied with. Trustees should be careful on this point so as to avoid difficulty in drawing from school fund.

When a trustee resigns it must be in writing, addressed to the commissioner of his county.

If a teacher goes to his school room regularly, he is entitled to count his time, though there be no pupils in attendance. He is not to be held responsible for the indifference of parents or the truancy of pupils.—Appendix C. S. Report, 1875, p. 286, sec. 89.

The Flemingsburg Rambler is out for longer terms, better salaries, and more comfortable school houses. Somebody's head is level.

History class.—"Who was Braddock?"
"I know mum."
"Well Jimmie, who was he?"
"An American general fighting against the British."

O. T. J.—Second class first grade is the lowest grade of certificate granted in Ohio county, the Commissioner deeming second class second grade to be only special license.

Miss H. T.—The Commissioner refuses to renew certificates, unless upon personal application.

Shows are terrible demoralizers of schools. The demoralization pervades both teachers and pupils sometimes.

Should a person be twenty years old on the 30th of June, he is not a proper pupil; though if twenty years of age on the 2nd day of July, he is entitled to be reported in the census of that year.

Those who make the most fuss about common school laws, in the way of finding fault, are generally the most ignorant of them.

Where two districts adjoin, it shall be lawful for the children to be taught in and at the most convenient school house, provided that their tuition fees be paid to the teacher by whom they are taught. This shall be by arrangement between the two trustees; and the trustee by whom the children were reported, shall deduct the tuition fees of such pupils and pay them over to the teacher by whom they were taught.

When a trustee takes the census and posts the notices for the election he exhausts his official relations to the next scholastic year.—Kentucky School Lawyer.

I would call it cross-eyed wisdom to counsel a child to shun vicious company and send him to an immoral teacher.

The judge, if a voter, has a vote in common with others, and a second vote as judge, in case of a tie.—Kentucky School Lawyer.

An election without legal notice is invalid.

If a trustee fails to qualify in ten days, the Commissioner should make an appointment.

A trustee failing or refusing to execute his duties may be removed by Commissioner.

A child not reported by the trustee in April, though it be six years old before the public school is taught, is not entitled to attend common school free of charge.

TRUSTEE.—The Commissioner cannot change the boundary of a district after the census has been reported.

In case of failure to elect a trustee the old trustee cannot hold over till his successor is elected and qualified. The office expires by limitation of statue.

The act of a trustee elect before he is sworn in, is invalid.

The extracts from the School Law found in this column, though not always literal, are reliable.

The superintendent of public instruction holds office four years. His salary is three thousand dollars.

The number of children reported in 1876 was 459,253.

A teacher must procure a certificate before he commences his school.

No trustee can lawfully teach a common school in his own district.